THE HERALD OF SALVATION.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men" Luke, 2 14.

"How beautiful are the feet of him that publisheth Salvation." Isa 52. 7.

EDITED BY THE REV. PITT MORSE.

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ON POVERTY.

The treasures of the world are the gift of God, and few blessings of his providence are more desirable. To possess a noble disposition and an extensive fortune, is to possess the desire and the power of doing good; and the highest honours which men can merit belong to the high minded and liberal among the opulent.

Poverty is no reproach; but it is an evil, and an evil of a bitter nature. A virtuous man may dread it. *I am poor*, says the Psalmist, and he adds, *I am sorrowful*. But if sadness attends on poverty, blessings follow the wounds of melancholy; and a bruised spirit will be borne up by the salvation of God. Since the misfortunes of life are sources of moral discipline, poverty is at once an evil, which must be supported, and a calamity which must be improved.

Men *can* support it, since they voluntarily bring upon themselves many heavier afflictions.

It is better to be poor, than to be wealthy, and yet ignorant of the use of wealth. A man may receive treasures with every harvest or with every wind; yet he will be none the happier, unless he grow familiar with virtue, and make charity the steward of his possessions.

It is better to be poor than to be peevish; for an indigent man may find delight in life, but to the querulous and petulant no enjoyment proves satisfactory, no form seems gracefully moulded, no ray of light preserves its true brilliancy.

It is better to be poor than to be friendless. The comforts of life can be spared, if the good feelings of the heart abound. Friends, no less than dutiful sons, are as well made arrows, fitted to defend and to pierce; and happy is he who bears a quiver full of them. To be denied the counsel of men whom we honour, is worse than to need a home; and a reverse in friendship is more terrible than a reverse in fortune.

Poverty is an evil of this life only; it is therefore infinitely less fearful than vice; for vice is a disorder of the understanding and heart, and poverty is a mere temporal disadvantage. Poverty is an evil of this short life; vice is an evil of eternity.

Let us consider then more closely the nature of poverty. The terrors which are gathered around misfortune often vanish on examination; and I believe we may so familiarize ourselves with the haggard mien and wretched apparel of want, as to find her countenance tranquilized by contentment and bright with cheerfulness.

The evil is brief in its duration. We suffer only for a short season from the pains of our bodies. Childhood protects itself by its own inexhaustible sources of gaiety. The hand of poverty can never wound the young, for however heavily it may fall, the Father of Mercies has shielded them by their own internal tranquility and careless cheerfulness. And when we do come, to recognise the power and the train of want, we have grown old enough to resist and support it. The grave too, which is not far from any one of us, is a sure refuge for the needy; the earth, from whence we came, will yet suffer us to repose on her lap;—and what desire, or what suffering, or what necessity can violate the repose of that general resting place? Towards that resting place we are hastening, and we shall soon be received there; the hours may roll slowly and wearily, yet they roll onwards; the sands of life are incessantly ebbing; time grows short; and whether it be from sorrow or from pleasure, from want or from abundance, the division of death is at hand.

But death is only a *refuge* from want.—Its *remedy* is labour. If prudent counsels and patient industry come from men, good fortune will follow from heaven.—The son of the righteous never yet came to want, unless he had first forgotten the instruction of his father. How honourable is it to triumph over indigence by private exertion! How truly independent is he, who owes his sustenance to nothing but his own hands, under the blessing of his own God? Poverty has lost half its terror, now that I know, we have a refuge

from it, and a remedy for it; and that it affects neither independence nor honour. I now think it may be borne, with all the sufferings which it threatens. But what are the mighty evils which it inflicts? It certainly diminishes the comforts of life; but should the soul be much dejected, because its partner fares poorly? Can coarse food and coarse raiment injure the mind? And if contumely should follow want, cannot the understanding support reproach, and the consciousness of rectitude contemn it? It is childish, petulant, and unworthy of an immortal spirit to find the hardships of poverty so heavy. The fear that we should not be able to supply the wants of those who depend on us, is not the worst fear; we dread still more a division from those we love; the chill of winter to those who have poor raiment and a scanty fire is piercing enough, but the cold wind of ingratitude blows with more bitter vehemence, and it is the rich who are exposed to that blast. Let us say no more of the personal inconveniences of poverty. It is an outrage on the nature of virtue to suppose, that the quality of food, the splendour of dress, or any mere personal advantages and comforts can interfere with the discharge of duty. Does poverty limit the power of exertion? Does it interfere with the discharge of the offices of life? It rather adds energy to resolution, and new courage to enterprise; it teaches to endure, and it excites to improve; it supports the strength of man in the hour of performance, and the proverb tells us, it is the mother of invention.

But the worst effect of poverty is to limit the means of intellectual improvement. The aspiration after excellence, common to every ingenuous mind, can, if counteracted by the deficiency of fortune, easily produce an agitation of spirits as dismal as insanity.

But has the hopelessness, produced by want, repressed and broken minds of a higher order, more frequently than luxury and wealth have corrupted their energy by indolence? Philosophers have ever shown a predilection for the humble; and if we recount the names of the departed spirits, who when on earth rested most familiarly on the bosom of science, wisdom will almost seem to have selected her associates from among the poor alone.—— When we reflect on the lives of those, who have guided the public mind and controlled the events of time, we learn how frequently poverty has fortified and chastened the character of genius. Can want repress aspirations after intellectual excellence? Can want diminish the energy of the mind or dry up the springs of invention? Can the poet move the more freely through the bright heaven of thought, if borne up on the wings of wealth? Or is it that there are no pinions, which rise so heavily and flag so speedily as they?

Even in public life, where wealth would seem to pave the way readily to distinction, many of those, whose names are repeated among the nations with reverence and love, have been familiar with poverty. The rights of mankind have been asserted by the poor; the poor bore onward to its triumph the gospel of Christ. And who in modern times have changed the whole aspect of history and religion? Was it the rich with their treasures? the warriors with their armies? the princes with the revenue of nations at their command? No! A new epoch was established, a new world was discovered, by a poor fisherman of Genoa; and a mendicant monk was the reformer of the Christian Church.

Poverty cannot then be so great an evil. It neither bars the way to usefulness nor honour; and however much it may detract from sensual pleasures, it does not interfere with the highest objects of exisistence. If men have dreaded it, as a demon attended by despair and misery, it does them no honour to have trembled so timidly before so impotent an adversary.

We have thus far spoken of poverty as an evil which tries men's souls; as an evil to be avoided, to be resisted, to be endured.

Poverty may assist in forming the character to virtue.

And here I especially intreat the patient attention of the rich; for every moral quality, incumbent on the poor, has its corresponding obligation for them. If contentment is a duty, even to the wretched, let the rich bear in mind, that they are the ministers in God's hands for relieving distress; and if gratitude is due from the needy to their benefactors, let the rich make the duty easy by conferring benefits with kindness. The spirit of true benevolence is winning. She is gentle, affectionate, and soothing; she distributes her alms with humility and pity; heaven smiles on her loveliness, and men remember her

with gratitude. Hence it is even prudent to assist a virtuous man, who is struggling against poverty. A small treasure cannot be better invested. A benefit thus conferred is a fund well husbanded.

God has blessed the poor with the riches of infinite love. The gospel is emphatically theirs; and he who made us, is the shepherd of the needy, the Father of orphans, and the avenger of the widow's wrongs.

It is amidst the hardships of life, that the will nerves itself with its perfect vigour. The mother of the earliest of heroes is said to have immersed him in the river of death, that she might make him invulnerable to earthly weapons; and the fable relates, that the father of virtue committed to adversity the early education of his darling child.

There is indeed one point, in which the opulent have a superiority. It is better to give than to receive; and so a rich man may multiply his deeds of charity, and like the Lord our God require nothing in return.

The poor cannot practise active benevolence; yet they can on the other hand gain the virtues of contentment and resignation. The example of the great Apostle teaches us in whatsoever state we are, therewith to be content. Disquietude about ourselves would be pusillanimous; and as to the good we would do to others, we must be resigned to the limits which are set us. God will accept benevolent feelings and good desires. The angels and the elements and all beings are his ministers; if we are employed but little in his service, we should not despond, but submit ourselves to his will, remembering, that they who stand at his altar in readiness, to obey, will be honoured no less than those who speed at his bidding.

But the poor not only cannot exercise charity; they receive benefactions. Let them cherish then the virtue of gratitude. All the blessings of life come from God; but come to us through different channels. They may be inherited; and then a peaceful recollection of the virtues of the departed may sanctify their use. Or a sufficiency may be acquired by private industry, and this is praiseworthy, if the desire of gain does not injure integrity.—Or the bounties of heaven may be communicated through the hands of benevolent fellow men; and to receive them thus is the privilege of the poor. The poor do receive benefactions from the rich. Men are not so selfish, as in moments of despondency we are apt to believe. Benevolence does dwell among them. The fire of charity was kindled at the creation of man, and though it may sometimes have burnt dimly, it has never been extinguished. It is an eternal fire, and it never will be extinguished. Benevolence does its office cheerfully even where the result is uncertain; and he, who in youth aspires after knowledge, even though struggling against necessity, may hope, that a benefactor will appear to raise him above the influence of narrow means, and wish him good speed in his journey through life.

But what if contumely were to follow charity? What if a benefactor should become an enemy? What if he who gives, should follow his gifts with reproach and insult? Alas, then the poor man must suffer with meekness. He must learn to be independent, but he must learn to endure. He must respect himself, but he must quell the spirit of resentment. And he will remember, that there is a kind and gentle power above him and around him who chastises without insult, reproves without reproach, blesses without return, & heals the wounds of poverty with the riches of parental love.

The state of mind, thus produced, will encourage a willingness to acknowledge the benevolence of Heaven. Poverty promotes gratitude to God, and trust in his Providence. It is the rich, who in the midst of abundance forget the Author of good. They, who repose in the delightful gardens of plenty, and enjoy the refreshing shadow of the trees of God, hardly remember the kind being, who adorned our planet so pleasantly; while the pilgrim, who is lost in the desert, where no tree can flourish, and the flower of hope can hardly blossom, grows warm with gratitude as he shelters himself beneath what the prophet so sublimely calls "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The shipwrecked mariner, who has neither fire nor water, knows the value of the elements, and receives a few drops of rain with thanksgiving; but we hardly deem the enjoyment of pure air and wholesome water a cause for praise; and they for whom the streams of prosperity pour most copiously, forget that the sources of all good are in Heaven.

The heart of the poor man turns gratefully to God. He becomes weaned from

the world. His treasures are on high.—His best hope is in immortality. To the opulent the grave may seem an enemy; to the poor it is a strong fortress against suffering.

The grave is the shelter of poverty.—They who have no place of refuge, will soon find one there. Amidst all distress and humiliation they must remember, that they still have a country, where their names may be written foremost on the lists of citizenship. I speak of the city of God, where gold is not honoured, and where treasures are not gathered; the city of God, which is indeed a spiritual city; but if we will have images for our hopes, it is the city, where the palm will be given to patient sufferers, and the amaranth be woven into garlands for those, who have been purified by affliction.

Thus it is that poverty reminds us of the instability of every thing in this world, and of the certainty of every thing in another. Bearing this in mind, can we not learn to support what the apostles endured before us, and what the Saviour of men endured before them? Is there any man so poor that he has no home? Jesus never had a home on earth. Is there any man so poor, that he has no shelter for the night? Though the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, Jesus had not where to lay his head. Is there any man so poor, that he cannot feel with his country? Had Jesus a country? Was it Bethlehem, where they would have slain his infancy, or Egypt which was but his place of refuge, or Jerusalem where they crucified him? Jesus had no country.—Or, since the regard for the body still clings to every one, is there any man so poor, that he fears his remains can never be decently interred but by the pity of strangers? Jesus was indebted to charity for a sepulchre.

Let the poor man apply the example of Jesus to his own condition. Let him join to his poverty integrity. Oh! how humble should he then be before God; oh! how proud may he then be before men.—He will find poverty an evil easily supported, and will be persuaded, as I hope we are all now persuaded, that knowledge is better than opulence; that wealth is of no value without virtue; that a man may be very poor and very happy. G. B

Unitarian Miscellany.

WORTH OF SOULS.

How frequently do we hear christians of all denominations express themselves with positive assurance upon this subject. Without the least hesitancy, all agree that the soul is of vast importance. And by the *soul*, is generally understood, an immortal part in man, or that which will survive the ruin and decay of this corporeal form, and live in happiness or misery beyond this temporal abode. All denominations agree in the belief of a future state, and however variant in other respects, they are uniform in the sentiment that man will exist beyond the confines of this mortality.

It is often asserted, and no one thinks of calling the truth of the proposition in question, that ONE SOUL is of more value than MILLIONS of worlds like this!! And who denies the correctness of this statement? No man who believes in the christian religion, or who expect to exist in *eternal duration*.

Now we wish to urge an important question upon those who profess to believe that some of these *invaluable immortals* will suffer in a hell of *keenest torment*, as long as "eternity shall circle onward!!" The question is this; since the Deity takes perfect care of all those worlds that glow in infinite space; and renders them entirely subservient to his original design, so that they fully answer the purpose for which he intended them, will he neglect to take equal care of these precious souls, each of which is worth MILLIONS and MILLIONS of worlds like this, which we inhabit? This question naturally makes way for another. Those who really think that they are born of God, manifest a strong desire for the salvation of these precious souls, and declare that they would cheerfully submit to any privations and sufferings within the compass of possibility for them to endure, provided they could only be instrumental of delivering *one soul* from sin and danger: and were their *means* adequate to their *desire*, not *one soul* in all the universe should remain eternally out of the *ark* of safety! Now as God possesses *all the power*, do they seriously believe that God loves these souls as sincerely and as ardently as they profess to love them? Let these questions be seriously weighed, and their importance will be realized.—*Christian Telescope.*

TIME—AN EXTRACT.

This is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes

the past even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of lightning at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space it is incomprehensible because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had.—It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger, and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing is permitted to take all: nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they need to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

Mr. Editor,

Sir, I here send you a piece, taken from the Liverpool Kaleidescope, which, if you should think worthy of a place in your useful paper, perhaps it would gratify some, and it might prove a watchword to others of your numerous readers.

A. P.

An instance that proves, that incidents, in a stage-coach, sometimes produce or promote salutary impressions.

In company, in the conveyance alluded to, was a young man of social temper, affable manners, and considerable information. His accent was barely sufficient to discover, that English was not his native tongue; and a very slight peculiarity in pronouncing the *th*, ascertained him a Dutchman. He had early entered into the military life; had borne both a Dutch and French commission: had travelled much; was master of different languages; and evinced by his deportment, that he was no stranger to the society of gentlemen. He had however, in a high degree, a fault too common among military men, and too absurd to find an advocate among men of sense—he swore profanely and incessantly! While the horses were changing, a gentleman, who sat on the same seat in the coach with him, took him by the arm, and requested the favor of his company in a short walk. When they were so far retired as not to be overheard, the former observed, "Although I have not the honor of your acquaintance, I know, sir, that your habits of feeling are those of a gentleman, and that nothing can be more repugnant to your wishes than giving unnecessary pain to any of your company." He started, and replied, "Most certainly, sir, I hope I have committed no offence of that sort." "You will pardon me for pointing out an instance in which you have not altogether avoided it." "Sir," said the young officer, "I shall be much your debtor for so friendly an act; for upon my honor, I cannot conjecture in what I have transgressed." "If you, sir," said the former, "had a very dear friend, to whom you were under unspeakable obligations, should you not be deeply wounded by any disrespect to him, or even at hearing his name introduced and used with a frequency of repetition, a levity of air incompatible with the dignity of, or the regard due to his character?" "Undoubtedly, and I should not permit it; but I know not that I am chargeable with indecorum to any of your friends." "Sir, my God is my best friend, to whom I am under unspeakable obligations! I think you must recollect that you have very frequently, since we commenced our journey, *taken his name in vain.* This has given to me and others excruciating pain." "Sir," answered the officer with a very ingenuous emphasis, "*I have done wrong*—I confess the impropriety—I am ashamed of a practice which, I am sensible, has no excuse: but I have imperceptibly fallen into it; and I really swear without being conscious that I do so. I will endeavor to abstain from it in future; and as you are next on the seat, I shall thank you to touch my elbow as often as I trespass."

This was agreed upon: the horn sounded, and the travellers resumed their places. In the space of four or five miles, the officer's elbow was jogged every few seconds; he always colored, but bowed and received the hint without the least symptom of displeasure, and, in a few miles more so mastered his propensity for swearing, that not one oath was heard from his lips, during the rest, which was the greater part of the journey.—*Christ. Rep.*

From the Universalist Magazine.

NO CHANGE AFTER DEATH.

How frequently do we hear it said, *There is no change after death! This is the only state of probation. As the tree falls so it lies, and as death leaves us, so judgment will find us.* I think that people have not sufficiently considered this doctrine, but have given their assent to it without seeing the inferences which may be drawn from it. If it were opposed to the scriptures only, we should not wonder that many believe it; but this is not all, it is opposed to some of the tenets of those very people who hold it, and tenets too of which they are very tenacious. And furthermore, it drives them into difficulties from which they have no means to extricate themselves.

If there be no change after death, in what respect will the future world exceed this in glory? In what respect will man be happier there than he is here!—All christians have professed to believe that Heaven is a holy place, and that those who shall go there will be united in their views and feeling, and perfectly happy. But how can this be, if there be no change after death? We know very well that christians, those who will be universally acknowledged as such, have their sins, and have them too until they die. They find occasion in their last moments to pray for forgiveness as our Saviour directed.—Now if there be no change after death, these people will remain to all eternity just as they were before death. They will go to heaven sinners, and remain there sinners forever. Christians, the best of them, have had their divisions among themselves. They have fallen out and accused each other of wrong. This has been done by people who were said to have been born again, members of the same church, and they have lived and died thus divided. Ministers of the gospel of the same denomination, who all allow have gone to heaven, have been at variance, and have lived and died so. How will they appear in the eternal world if there be no change after death? Paul and Barnabus once had contention about a subject concerning which we have no account that they were reconciled in this world. If there be no change after death, they remain of the same mind, and for ought we know are disputing upon the same subject.

This opinion that there is no change after death is opposed to some of those tenets for which many christians are very tenacious. They believe in eternal punishment. Children will be taken from their parents, parents from their children, husbands from wives, wives from husbands, &c. and plunged into the abyss of remediless woe. Companions who have loved each other most dearly will be torn from their embrace, and sent, one to the regions of bliss, the other to the world of eternal sorrow. Now if there be no change after death, the same relation and the same affections will exist. Those in heaven will love the damned with an affection that nothing in this world could quench. The love of parents, children, husbands and wives will exist in all its fervor. How then can it be true, as the orthodox clergy have told us, that mankind will behold their nearest relations in the greatest anguish without any pity or any sorrow, and be so filled with holy joy as to shout glory, hallelujah, in view of their sufferings? When we ask them how they can be happy in heaven while knowing their relations are in hell, they say they shall then be more reconciled to God's will, more Godlike. But how can they be more reconciled to his will, more Godlike, if there be no change after death?

How anxious are many to save sinners! They would do any thing for the salvation of one soul, so highly do they prize its value. How much are they willing to do for the salvation of the heathen! How often have we heard them say, "O precious, never-dying souls! Infinitely valuable.—What shall a man profit if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?" Now if there be no change after death, they will love souls as well, and be just as anxious to save them, God's purpose and disposition to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mankind die imperfect in knowledge.—

Christians expect that in another world their darkness will be removed, and they shall see as they are seen and know as they are known. The mysteries of the gospel to them so incomprehensible in this life, they expect to see and understand in the future state. But how can this be, if there be no change after death? In this case, they will know no more, and the mysteries in which they believe, will remain incomprehensible forever.

Christians now generally believe that the pious people of every denomination will be saved. They have not hesitated to declare this as their fixed opinion.—— Now suppose this should take place, and there should be no change after death, how would these people appear in heaven? Would they be any more united?— The Baptist holds to close communion, and he holds to it still. "Stand by thyself," says he to the Methodist, "come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." The Calvinist believes in reprobation, the Arminian in universal grace, and the Universalist in universal salvation. Each is contending strenuously for his opinion; and this is all after the judgment day, in which the great disposer of events sealed the eternal destiny of the universe. Into all this confusion we are thrown by the doctrine, that there is no change after death.

The great majority of christians have come to believe that none will be lost but those who wilfully reject salvation.— They think that infants and idiots will be saved. Now suppose there should happen to be no change after death, how would these poor creatures appear in the eternal world? Infants die ignorant of a God and of a Saviour; and they will remain so forever, if there be no change after death. They may have "palms in their hands," but how can they say "salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb," when they have heard nothing about either? An idiot may be in a still more deplorable condition; but he must remain forever, if there be no change after death.

The holy scriptures dispel all the dark clouds which have long hung over this subject. We know that there never yet was one of the human race this side the grave, duly prepared for the resurrection state. We all have our passions and our failings while in this world. But in the next, if we may depend on Revelation, we shall be holy and glorious beings. Paul says, 1 Cor. xv. 42—44, 49—53, "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in corruption: It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mistery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immmortality." And Jesus says, Mat. xxii. 40, "For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

In view of this subject we may say with the apostle, "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." RICHARDS.

[*From Hunter's Sacred Biography.*]

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"It is a pleasing and instructive view of the divine Providence, to consider one and the same great design as carried on to maturity, in periods and by persons the most remote to each other, without communication of intelligence, without concurrence of exertions among themselves; to behold the great God moulding, guiding, subduing the various passions, purposes, and private interests of men, to his own sovereign will; to behold the building of God rising in beauty, advancing towards perfection, by the hands of feeble workmen, who comprehend not the thousandth part of the plan which they assist in excruting, and who, instead of cooperation, frequently seem to counteract one another. One digs his hour in the quarry—another lifts up his axe, and strikes a stroke or two in the forest—a third applies the square and compass to the stone which his neighbor has polished. But their labors, their views, their abilities, however different, all promote the same end; and though they and their endeavors be frail

and perishing, the work in which the Almighty employs them is progressive, is permanent, is immortal. Here a shepherd, there a king—here a little child, there a sage—here a legislator, there a conqueror—here a deluge, there a conflagration, fulfils the designs of Heaven, and the glorious fabric of Redemption rises, though patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, sink, one after another into the dust.—Man often begins to build, but is unable to finish, because he had not counted the cost; but God "seeth the end from the beginning."

He can never want an instrument, who has Heaven, earth and hell at his disposal. "Surely, O Lord the wrath of man shall praise thee." Satan is thy chained slave, and "ten thousand times ten thousand mighty angels minister unto thee." How then can thy aim be defeated? How can thy counsels fail?"

POETRY.

[SELECTED]

INVOCATION TO WINTER.

From polar worlds, where endless frost
Has chain'd the ocean to the coast,
Parent of storms, chill Winter! rise,
And roll thy clouds o'er southern skies.
On GREENLAND's hills, of cheerless white,
Descend, in mingled storm and night;
Burst her tall rocks, with frightful roar,
And show'r their fragments o'er the shore.
Thence rushing on the dark'ning waves,
Where HUDSON's flood in fury raves,
Thine ice-fields call, o'er midnight seas,
To their tremendous revelries.
Sweep o'er the mountains, from the shore
Of bleak and barren LABRADOR;
And sailing down the frozen globe,
Spread out thy thick-wrought snowy robe
On CANADA's extended scene,
And BRUNSWICK's hills of evergreen;
Till, last, amid our southern skies,
Thy black'ning tempests, frowning, rise.

Come, Winter, come! and bring again,
Health, vigor, pleasure, in thy train.
The town shall pour its joyous bands,
In flying cars, along the lands;
Who, as they glide o'er hill and dale,
Shall breathe fresh vigor from thy gale.
Open Mirth and lively Glee,
Dance and Revel wait on thee;
Labor looks with cheerful smile,
And even Drudgery rests awhile.

But chief, O Winter, with thee bring
Thy long and hallowed evening.
Soon as the short-liv'd day is past,
We'll close the door and shutters fast;
The blazing fire shall light the room,
And books or friends the night consume;
While still, with ceaseless sigh, and slow,
Descends, without, the drifting snow.

Come, Winter, come! and with thee bring
Thy long and hallow'd evening.

MARCUS.

AN ODE.

BY BISHOP HORNE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.

Sweet rose, in air whose odours wave,
And colours charm the eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
For thou, alas! must die.

Sweet spring, of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou, too, alas! must die.

Be wise then, christian, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying;
The thoughtless man that laughs to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

EPITAPH.

Time was, I stood where thou dost now,
And view'd the dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand and look on thee.

ANECDOTE.

A learned clergyman in Maine was lately accosted in the following manner, by an illiterate clergyman, who despised education. "Sir, you have been to college, I presume," "Yes, sir," was the reply "I am thankful," replied the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without *any* learning." "*A similar event*, replied the latter, "took place in *Balaam's* time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

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